(R, Castiel/resouled!Sam)

For ravenspear, R, Castiel/resouled!Sam, I failed on porn but succeeded at plot so here's to hoping that this is how it goes down when Show comes back. Also there's some background/past Cas/robo! Sam that resouled!Sam has forgotten that Cas still feels guilty about.

Sam has claws tearing his arm open before he realizes that he's being attacked. It's not that he wasn't paying attention, just that demons don't usually attack in drug stores when he's trying to pick out a new tube of toothpaste that's not too much for what cash he has.

Sam drops the toothpaste with a pained shout and backpedals away from the demon, now thinking in terms of weapons and cover instead of minty flavors and pricetags. It's not the most pleasant shift, and his arm throbs with pain, but there's still a demon right there trying to kill him.

Except there isn't.

Castiel is suddenly *there*, palm on the demon's forehead, and then there isn't a demon there anymore.

Sam stares at the back of Castiel's trenchcoat, blood running down his wrist, and he'd really like to know why Cas was here. And what he's been doing, and where he's been - all Dean had told him was that Cas was in Heaven fighting Raphael and nothing else, no explanations.

"Cas?"

"Are you hurt?" Cas asks, turning around, the demon's body dropping to the floor with a thud.

Sam holds out his arm. "Just scratches, I'm fine."

He watches Cas' face tighten, and then Cas is closer, much closer, running fingers over the cuts and healing them.

Sam tries very hard not to think about where else those fingers have been and what else Castiel has done for him, back when they could all be dead within days, or worse - he has to forget that whole relationship because that was then and this is now.

Sam saw the hurt frustration on Dean's face when he talked about Cas. He's not like Dean, though - he's not expecting Cas to drop everything in Heaven and stay down here when there's more important stuff to be doing.

"Why are you here?" Sam asks at last.

Cas removes his fingers from Sam's arm and places them on his forehead, and they are in the hotel room. "That demon was a servant. Meant to weaken you so that you could be coerced into being used as a vessel."

"Coerced," Sam says, as that means one thing: "Lucifer's in the Cage."

"Raphael is arrogant," Castiel says, still staring at Sam, "And his servants have learned that from him. Shoftiel's intended vessels have met unfortunate ends. He is not above using foul creatures to achieve his goals."

Sam drops his eyes, sighing. If it's not one thing it's another. "Will there be more?"

"Indubitably."

Sam looks back at Cas and wonders. "Then you're staying?"

"For now. Yes."

It's not for the best reason in the world, and it's not like Cas is happy to be saying it, but Sam smiles anyway.

After the third attack - this Shoftiel isn't adverse to sending plenty of demons after them - something cracks in Castiel, something Sam can't explain without memories what the last year was, and Sam is shoved up against the wall, Castiel's hands fisted in his shirt and his teeth in Sam's lips.

It's nothing like the kisses they had before. It's rough, angry, *violent*.

Sam doesn't know if he likes it, but Cas isn't letting him up for air and his cock is a solid ache pressing into Cas' hip. Sam's out of breath and gasping when Cas lets him breathe again, and there's something messy behind Cas' eyes that Sam can't identify.

He struggles to take in enough air before Cas does whatever he wants to next, and the ever-present itch is getting *worse* because he is reaching to find out why they are doing this and what he should do but -

Castiel shoves him back again, hard enough to make his teeth rattle, grips his shoulders so tightly that there will be bruises later and bends his head to bite at Sam's lips, chin, neck, the skin over his collarbone. Sam can feel Cas' cock pressing into his leg and since when was their relationship this rough?

"Cas - " He gets out, and Cas stills. Sam can't see his face from this angle, but he feels Cas open his teeth, turn his head. The bites burn and they're going to show later, and Sam doesn't know if he wants to shove Cas off or pull him closer or

what, and he really shouldn't be listening to what his cock wants right now, not Cas is acting all - not wrong, not really, but weird.

Castiel finally steps back and Sam sees guilt all over his face in the split-second before he's gone.

"...what the hell did I *do*?" Sam asks empty air and wants to scream because he can't find out, can't follow that itch and unravel the fog that's all that rests between him and the Cage.

Sam thinks angrily that he doesn't want to be protected. Sam thinks that he's being protected for a *reason*, so he shouldn't do something stupid, something really dangerous.

He argues with himself back and forth for as long as he can, and by then the urge has faded enough so he can ignore it once more.

Sam can't say he's happy, though, and he has no idea how he's going to explain where the bitemarks came from to Dean.